

## Hiding The Tears In My Eyes ('Cause Boys Don't Cry)

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## Hiding The Tears In My Eyes ('Cause Boys Don't Cry)

by Anonymous

## Summary

Tommy Innit Craft has been alone for so long. Being neglected by family and having no friends has taken a toll on him, but music has always been his savior. Whenever his feelings bottle within him, he sings, and lets out his frustrations through music. He didn't expect to be caught singing. Now, he has two boys named Tubbo and Ranboo wanting him to join their band, and he agreed.

He didn't have anything else to do either way.

But, he didn't expect it to be the best decision he ever made.

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In which, Tommy Innit Craft shines bright despite having his light dimmed for so long.

His family watches as he changes for the better without them.

Can years of neglect be fixed?

## Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

# Cover it all up with lies

## Chapter Summary

In which, Tommy sings, and gets an unwelcome invitation.

He accepts it because of his teacher.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy didn't know when everything changed. He didn't know when his home life became a skeleton of what it once was. Yet, the signs of the collapse had always been there. Tommy always knew it was bound to happen, but that didn't make it better when it finally did. It became an open wound, never closing.

Tommy barely saw Wilbur and Techno anymore, both swept in their own adolescence, while Tommy stayed behind. Phil didn't even pay attention to him, continuing to focus on the twins, as if Tommy was too burdensome. It stung. No matter how he did in school, if he acted out or not, he was nothing but forgotten to his father. Tommy knew no matter what he did, his father would love his brothers more. It was hard to come to terms with that at first. It left a bitter taste in his mouth as his brothers received the validation he could never get.

It made sense though. They never caused trouble, they weren't loud or annoying, and they actually did well in school. Wilbur's local band was gaining traction, Techno was on his way to becoming a valedictorian, and Tommy... was Tommy.

Yet, he still wanted to believe.

He wanted to have hope, and it got him nowhere.

Every time he had hope, the truth was hammered into him.

His family didn't care.

That was a fact, like how the sky is blue, and how Tommy's thighs are scarred.

Now, he was here. He was sitting in Puffy's classroom as she graded papers. It was five in the afternoon and he didn't feel like going back to an empty home. Wilbur and Techno were with their friends and his father was at work. Why would Tommy want to go back to silence? Why would he want to spend time in his room and pretend that he wasn't crying? The scars on his thighs would grow if he sat in the silence even for a minute. He needed to be near someone.

He didn't want to be alone.

There was comfort as he heard the sounds of sliding paper, scribbling pens, and Puffy's occasional sighs at particularly bad tests. He knew he wasn't alone even if they didn't speak much to each other.

Puffy was the only teacher that cared, that seemed to notice his cries for attention. She was the one

person in his life that was consistently there for him. Tommy had even sang for her a couple of times, something he considered a secret of some sort.

Suddenly the phone rang, Puffy sighed and pushed her rolling chair back. She grabbed the phone and held it to her ear.

"You need that now?" Ms. Puffy asked, Tommy could see how her eyebrows furrowed. After a few more exchanges of words, Puffy hung up.

"Tommy, I'll be right back, I need pass something over to Mrs. Clark,"

Tommy winced, Mrs. Clark was a bitch.

"She's a bitch," Tommy parroted his thoughts, causing Puffy to laugh.

"Shush, don't say that." Ms. Puffy smiled, "But you're right, she is,"

Tommy smiled, waving as Puffy left the classroom. He sighed as silence enveloped the room, causing his left leg to bounce to create some sort of noise.

"Fuck..." Tommy thought, "I'll listen to some music, I can't stand this,"

Tommy yanked his phone and earphones out of his backpack, ignoring the almost completed homework on the desk. He placed his earphones in and shuffled through his liked songs, trying to find something that fit his mood. Tommy had almost every genre liked, from indie to country, and even different time periods like the 80's. He eventually landed on "Boys Don't Cry" by The Cure. He had forgotten about that song, but he used to play it a lot. He increased the volume and closed his eyes, nodding his head to the beat of the song. It was catchy.

"I would say I'm sorry, if I thought that it would change your mind," Tommy sang, the urge too strong. Tommy knew no one came to Puffy's classroom, so he sang freely. "But I know that this time, I have said too much, been too unkind,"

Tommy knew he was defensive, he knew he could be mean in order to save himself from harm. Yet, it would only cause his family and previous friends to distance themselves from him. He was too moody, arrogant, and loud. He didn't read the mood at times, but tried his best to fix that habit and they still left.

He had already exhausted them.

They didn't want to stay and deal with him.

Tommy continued to sing, knowing the lyrics hit too close to home.

"Boys don't cry,"

Tommy's flaw was that he could prideful at times, never admitting to weakness or his pain. He wanted to be a "big man", but would a big man cry and harm himself in order to feel something?

Tommy didn't think so.

It was a farce, something to make him seem stronger and more confident than he really was.

In reality, he was a lot more fragile than people thought.

"I would tell you that I loved you if I thought that you would stay, but I know that it's no use and

you've already gone away,"

Even though Tommy knew his connection with his family was weak, he knew he loved them, but he could never tell them. It would only hurt him when they didn't say it back. When was the last time they had even told him that? When did they last reassure him that he still had a place in this family? When was the last time he wasn't rejected or ignored?

"Now I would do most anything to get you back by my side, but I just keep on laughing. Hiding the tears in my eyes, 'cause boys don't cry. Boys don't cry..."

Tommy hated being alone, he would do anything to go back to how things once were. Yet, he couldn't. No matter how much he pleaded for attention or love, it was in vain. He acted like it never bothered him, but once he was alone in his room, the tears would spill over.

He would berate himself after his crying session finished.

"Am I a child? Why did I cry like that?" He would think, but it never stopped him from crying the next time.

"Boys don't cry," He sang the last line.

Tommy would never admit he cried, even if it killed him.

He sighed.

Before he could even open his eyes to pick his next song, clapping caused him to tense. His eyes shot open, moving towards the source of the sound, and he hoped Puffy was standing there. Instead his eyes landed on two boys, who he could vaguely recognize. Tommy was about to go feral.

"That was amazing!" The shorter brunet spoke, Tommy knew his name was Tubbo.

They had shared some classes together before.

"Yeah, it was," The taller, dirty blond beside Tubbo said.

Tommy didn't know his name, but it already pissed him off that he seemed taller than him. He also wore a mask and sunglasses indoors, which Tommy raised a mental brow at.

"Thanks." Tommy clenched his fists, trying to calm his anger, "Now, why the fuck are you here?"

They didn't seem phased by Tommy's attitude at all.

"Had to give this to Ms. Puffy," Tubbo gestured to the stack of papers in Ranboo's hands. Tommy bit his lip, turning his head away from the boys.

"Put it on her desk, she'll be back in a few minutes,"

"Thanks," The tall male walked over to Puffy's desk, carefully placing the stack of papers.

"So..." Tubbo spoke, "My name is Tubbo, and that's Ranboo!"

"Why is he talking to me?" Tommy thought, continuing to look away.

Shouldn't he go back to whatever club or teacher he's staying with?

"You're Tommy, right? We have English and Biology together!"

"Yeah..." Tommy was about to run out this room if they didn't leave soon.

He didn't like how Tubbo stared at him with such hopeful eyes, and he didn't want to know why he was.

"Well... Ranboo and I were thinking of making a band, and you're such a good singer!" Oh no...  
"Do you want to join?"

A band? Tommy didn't want to join. He didn't need another way to be compared to Wilbur.

"No, not interested," Tommy coldly responded, but the compliments caused his heart to flutter.

When was the last time he was complimented this much?

"No, fuck, don't give in because of some stupid compliments," Tommy thought. "That would be pathetic,"

"Please!" Tubbo pleaded, "We need another member and your voice would be a perfect. It would mesh well with Ranboo's voice!"

"Tubbo, you can't force him," Ranboo spoke, "If he doesn't want to, we can't do anything about that,"

"Thanks, boob boy,"

Tommy grinned in satisfaction as Ranboo sputtered, staring at him in what Tommy assumed to be disbelief.

"Did you just-"

"I don't sing often, it's somewhat personal to me," Tommy interrupted Ranboo, "So stop asking, I'm not going to join,"

Tubbo hopeful smile wavered a bit and Tommy almost felt bad, keyword being "almost".

The door to the classroom opened and Puffy stood there, an eyebrow raised as she noticed the two new boys.

Tommy felt as his savior had walked through the door.

"Hello there, are these your friends, Tommy?"

"No,"

"Yes!"

Tommy and Tubbo responded at the same time. Tommy glared at Tubbo, who kept smiling brightly.

"Well, is there a reason you're here?" Puffy asked, making her way back to her desk.

"Mr. Smith wanted us to deliver those stack of forms to you." Ranboo answered, gesturing towards the stack of paper on the desk, "We should go-"

"Ms. Puffy, did you know Tommy has an amazing voice?" Tubbo interrupted, Puffy laughed and nodded.

"Yes, I did, he is very talented,"

"Even Ms. Puffy agrees!" Tubbo snapped his focus back on the blond who wished he could teleport away right about now. "You should join our band, you have so much potential!"

"A band?" Puffy questioned, "That sounds like fun, why don't you give it a try, Tommy?"

Tommy opened his mouth to speak, but paused as he locked eyes with Puffy. She looked so hopeful, and Tommy couldn't find the strength to disappoint her. Puffy had done so much more for him than anyone else had in the last three years. She watched over him, gave him advice, and accepted him unconditionally even when he was rowdy or needlessly defensive. He knew the white-haired woman wanted him to make friends, asking him to open himself more to others multiple times.

This was the least he could do...

Tommy wanted to scream, but instead he spoke:

"Fine, I'll join your band, but I'll leave if I don't like being a part of it,"

"Yes!" Tubbo shouted, throwing one fist into the air.

Ranboo chuckled at Tubbo's excitement.

"I'm not doing this for you," Tommy thought bitterly, ignoring how happy he was being wanted for once.

"Thanks, Tommy! You won't regret this!" Tubbo spoke as Tommy was two seconds away from slamming his face into his desk. "Can I add my number to your phone?"

Tommy nodded, passing his phone to Tubbo.

Tubbo typed in both his and Ranboo's numbers, sending himself a text.

"I'll make a group chat for us later," Tubbo said, passing the phone back to Tommy.

Tommy almost rolled his eyes as he saw the names of the contacts, "Bee" and "Boo".

"Tubbo, we have to go," Ranboo spoke, "Thanks for joining, Tommy. See you at practice,"

"Bye!" Tubbo said, heading to the door before stopping, turning back around.

"I forgot to ask, do you play any instruments?"

"Guitar and piano," Tommy answered, bitterly remembering how Wilbur taught him both when he was younger. The memory of staring up at his brother, as if he were a genius, idolizing him as he taught Tommy every chord. Where was the love now? Where did that care go? Tommy shoved the thoughts down the best he could, but it always seemed to think of his family at the worst moments. Tommy always thought of the memories he could never get back.

Tubbo smiled before waving and leaving with Ranboo.

Tommy sighed and spoke under his breath, "What the fuck did I get myself into?"

"I think it's the start of something good, I can feel it," Puffy responded.

"I hope..." Tommy spoke.

Puffy gave him a reassuring smile, "Give it a try first, Tommy."

"I will, they need a big man like me to make their band cool anyway,"

"That's the confidence I like to see, Tommy," Puffy laughed, "You're seriously talented, this is a great opportunity for you,"

Tommy wish he could tell her how much that meant to him.

She was so supportive.

"I should go home." Tommy grabbed his backpack, stuffing his homework inside, before zipping it closed. "See you later,"

"Bye, Tommy. Keep what I said in mind, okay?"

"Okay,"

Tommy left the classroom, earphones placed in his ears to block out the world. As he walked step by step, he wondered if joining a band was a good idea. He had nothing better to do expect for some homework, but he always left it last minute anyway. Tommy didn't understand how his day ended up like this. It seemed as if everything happened so suddenly, but he'd give it a chance, even if nothing came out of it. At least for Puffy, if not for himself.

Plus, he did enjoy singing, despite his protests earlier. It was personal to him, but he'd open up this one last time. If it went wrong, he would brush it off like everything else in his life. It wasn't healthy, but it was the Tommy Innit Craft way of doing things.

He approached the door of his home, noting the sight of Phil's car in the driveway. He took the key out from his backpack and unlocked the door, hesitating a second before he opened the door. He didn't want to go home, but he had nowhere else to go. Tommy had no where to run or hide, no friends to visit.

Tommy opened the door, hearing the chatter of his father and brothers.

Tommy ignored them and went into his room, locking the door behind himself. He tossed his backpack to the floor and hopped on his bed, closing his eyes. Tommy knew he couldn't sleep the loneliness away, but maybe he could ignore it for awhile.

A sudden buzz halted that train of thought. He took his phone out of his pocket, noticing a text message from Tubbo.

"Hey, this is the band group chat!" The message read.

Ranboo replied with a thumbs up emoji, and Tommy simply replied with, "cool" before locking his phone. What else was he supposed to say to that?

His phone buzzed again.

Tommy groaned, unlocking his phone again.

"Oh, I never told you the band's name, it's Allium!" Tubbo texted.

"Allium? Like the fucking Minecraft flower?" Tommy responded.



"Yeah, it's also Boo's favorite flower," The message said, "Cool name, right?"

"It's nice," Tommy responded. It was a nice name, at least it wasn't something stupid like, "Love & Peace".

"I wanted to go with Nuclear Fallout, but Ranboo thought it was too much,"

Tommy laughed at that, he didn't expect that.

Tubbo didn't seem like the type to go for such a strong name, but he did just start talking to him. Tommy figured the brunet was more chaotic than he thought.

"It was... I'm glad we went with my name instead," Ranboo messaged.

"I agree, boob boy,"

"Please stop calling me that,"

"What's wrong with the name, Ranboob?" Tubbo's message caused chaos to erupt.

The chat went back and forth with Tubbo and Tommy calling Ranboo, boob boy, and Ranboo wondering what he did to deserve this. Eventually, the topic changed, and the boys seemed to talk about anything and everything. Tommy managed to get along with them, even while calling Ranboo a bitch in twenty different ways.

"How did you even manage that?" Ranboo texted.

"Cause I'm more smarter than you,"

"More smarter?"

"Shut up, bitch,"

Tommy was surprisingly having fun.

"Tommy, dinner's ready!"

Now, his momentary fun was ruined.

Tommy sighed, sliding off his bed, still texting the group chat as he walked to the dining table. The table already set, as it was Wilbur's turn to do so. He ignored his brothers who were already sitting, talking to each other. Tommy sat down in his usual spot and continued to text his newly acquired friends. It was strange that they all clicked so well together, but that was a good thing. If he didn't get along with his bandmates, this experience would be way worse.

Tommy suppressed a laugh as Tubbo spammed the chat with weird Minecraft bee memes.

He didn't notice the inquisitive glances sent his way.

"What the fuck. How do you have so many?" Tommy asked.

"Don't even ask, I don't think he knows," Ranboo responded.

"I get them from my dealer." Tubbo answered, before sending more pictures.

Tommy's focus was interrupted as his father placed a plate in front of him.

"Time to eat, mate, put away the phone,"

"Lame," Tommy said, but turned off his phone, placing it in his pocket.

Phil sat down after passing Tommy his food, he stared at his sons with a smile.

"So, how was everyone's day?"

Tommy ignored his family's ramblings, taking bites out of food. He was used to blocking out his family, tuning in enough to keep up with the conversation. They never seemed interested in what he had to say either way. He pushed the vegetables on his plate around with his fork, wondering what his band mates were saying in the group chat.

"Tommy?"

"What?" Tommy looked over at Phil, "Sorry, I didn't hear you,"

"Anything new with you? How was school?" Phil asked, Tommy shrugged in response.

"School was fine, there's nothing new either,"

"Who were you texting?" Wilbur blurted, making Tommy's eyes widen.

"Just some friends," Part of Tommy felt spiteful, spitting out the next few words before he could stop himself, "It's none of your fucking business, though,"

Wilbur opened his mouth to speak, but he was interrupted by his father.

"Friends?" Phil questioned, "You never mentioned them before,"

Tommy shrugged again.

"Just met them today,"

Tommy's phone buzzed in his pocket, he fought the urge to check.

"Anyway, Techno, do you..."

Tommy started to drift off again, ignoring the conversation his family were having. His phone buzzed again, and he bit his lip, checking to see if everyone was distracted. The coast seemed clear, and Tommy slid the phone from his pocket and unlocked it.

"I have to go guys, need to work on a project. Our first practice is tomorrow after school, we'll meet up at the front of the school. See you then!" Tubbo posted in the chat.

Tommy didn't even have an instrument to practice with, he messaged the chat:

"I don't have an instrument though. How the fuck can I practice with you?"

"Don't worry about that! :D" Tubbo responded.

The more Tommy talked to Tubbo, the more he found him to be an enigma.

He could be rather vague or weird at times.

"Alright, see you tomorrow guys, need to do homework," Ranboo messaged.

"Me too, bye," Tommy replied.

"By the way, don't run away from practice Tommy, we'll find you. :D" Tubbo sent in his last message.

"WHAT THE FUCK???" Tommy messaged.

"Don't worry, he's joking... somewhat..." Ranboo replied.

Okay, maybe Tubbo was even weirder than he thought.

Tommy huffed and slid his phone back in his pocket. He took a few more bites of his food, then left early. His family didn't seem to notice as he walked away, but that was for the best. He didn't need faux interest. He went into his room and sat on his bed, ready to do homework. As he took the papers out from his back, he felt as if he had many hopes. He hoped tomorrow went well. He hoped they got along in person as well as they did in text messages. He hoped he didn't regret this. He hoped that Tubbo and Ranboo wouldn't toss him away like everyone else.

He hoped.

That's all he could do.

At the end of the day, it was a band by some high schoolers that would eventually end, unlike Wilbur's band. Tommy didn't have as much talent or passion as his older brother did, he knew that. He'd go along with it for now.

It's not like their band would get popular, right?

## Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

# **We're meeting there later, right?**

## Chapter Summary

The members of Allium go to Tubbo's house, and have their first practice session.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy groaned as he woke up to the sound of his alarm, stretching his body. A nice rhythm of pops sounded from his body as he moved. He sat up and turned off his alarm before letting out a sigh. The blond slid out of his bed and hurried into the bathroom to brush his teeth before any of his brothers could. He locked the door behind him.

The hum of the bathroom lights gave him some comfort as he stared at his own reflection in the mirror. Tommy could see the slight dark circles underneath his eyes, he had stayed up late doing homework that he forgot was due. Then, he messed around on his phone for awhile on top of that.

"I'm so fucking tired," Tommy thought, turning on sink. He fixated on the sound of the water rushing down, losing focus for a minute, before grabbing his toothbrush from the holder. He brushed his teeth and fixed up his hair. He sighed and turned off the water, staring at his reflection once again.

That was him.

Sometimes, he couldn't believe it was. That everything he ever did was in this body, with this face that he could only see in a mirror. He bit his lip, and touched his face. He looked so miserable. Well, he was miserable. Tommy knew he was sad, depressed even, with little support. He didn't have his family, he didn't have anymore beside a teacher who took care of him like the mom he never had.

His mind thought back to Ranboo and Tubbo.

They seemed nice, but Tommy didn't want to deal with anymore disappointment. He didn't want to hope, and have that hope fall flat like it did with his family. Tommy didn't know how much more rejection he could take.

A knock on the bathroom door caused Tommy to jump.

"Hurry up in there," Techno spoke from behind the door.

"Don't rush me, bitch!" Tommy yelled, looking back at his reflection once more, before opening the door to the bathroom. Tommy slid pat his brother, heading back into his room. He always locked his bedroom door, if someone came in suddenly, they could see his scars. He wasn't in the mood for that conversation, if there was any about it. He tugged on a red hoodie and jeans, yanking red shoes from his closet. Tommy grabbed his phone from his nightstand and opened it, seeing a few texts from the group chat.

"Morning!" Tubbo sent.

"Good morning," Ranboo responded.

Tommy sent a similar message before turning off his phone and shoving it in his pocket along with his earphones. He grabbed his backpack and hurried downstairs, approaching the front door. He didn't feel like eating breakfast this morning, so he left. He closed the front door behind himself, placing his earphones in and shuffling a random playlist.

The heaviness of his eyes slowed down his steps as he tried to stifle his yawns. This was his normal routine, walking alone to school, with music being his only companion.

"Tommy!" A voice called, causing him to look to his left. He raised a brow as he saw Ranboo and Tubbo in a car, Ranboo sitting behind the wheel. "Want a ride?"

This was not his normal routine.

Tommy sighed, he didn't feel like walking another eight minutes to school.

"Sure, big man, sounds good," Tommy said, hopping in the back of the car. He tossed his backpack to his feet, and put on his seat belt. "Don't crash, boob boy,"

Ranboo sighed and moved the gearshift, driving off.

"Didn't know you guys drove past this way,"

"Yeah, we do. We've seen you walking before, but thought it was weird to offer you a ride out of nowhere," Tubbo explained, "Now that you're our bandmate, thought it would be nice to ask,"

"Well, thanks for the ride, wasn't in the mood to walk to school,"

"I can pick you up from your house if you want?" Ranboo said, "I've been picking up Tubbo for awhile, and he lives way farther. You're along the way, I think, so it doesn't bother me,"

Tommy could only think that these boys were too nice. They were already offering him rides, and they didn't even know each other for that long. It had only been a day, maybe even less technically. Was this normal with bandmates? With possibly friends?

Even though he was reluctant, walking to school sucked. It was more than a fourteen minute walk at eight in the morning, which he was never in the mood for, but he hated going with his brothers to school. They either seem bothered or ignored him.

"Sure, I'll send you my address later." Tommy shrugged, "Uh... thanks, Ranboo,"

"You said my name!" Ranboo said, his tone overdramatic, "Tubbo, did he actually say my name? Am I dreaming?"

"Shut up, boob boy! I'm not thankful anymore, fuck you!" Tommy shouted, while Tubbo laughed.

The rest of the ride had light banter and laughs. Tommy continued to curse out Ranboo whenever the taller mentioned what had happened earlier. He also found out they would be practicing at Tubbo's house. Eventually, they made it to school, and Tommy felt a little bitter. Perhaps it had been the years of isolation that made him forget, but talking to others was nice.

"I'm going to head to Puffy's room before class starts, see you later bitches," Tommy spoke and his bandmates said their goodbyes before he left.

Tommy walked into the school, hurrying to Puffy's classroom. He liked spending time there

whenever he could, mainly early in the morning and after school. Tommy even hung out during lunch occasionally. It was a safe place for him. He entered the room, seeing Puffy doing paperwork as per usual. He sat at a desk as Puffy looked up at him with a smile.

"Good morning, Tommy,"

"Morning, Puffy." Tommy bit his lip before speaking, "By the way... the band doesn't seem so bad, I get along with them well so..."

Puffy's smile widened and Tommy was glad he told her.

He knew it would make her happy to hear.

"I'm so happy for you, Tommy! Tubbo and Ranboo are nice boys, it's great you're getting along with them,"

"Yeah, they are nice, Ranboo even gave me a ride in his car this morning," Tommy spoke, "It's weird, that they're so nice to me, not used to it,"

Puffy's smile wavered at those words.

"Tommy, they seem to genuinely want to be friends with you, I hope you can let them be kind to you. It's strange to you, but it's what a healthy relationship is. It's helping friends and hanging out together. Don't be worried, it's not a trap," Puffy explained, "If it is a trap, don't worry, I'll give them a long lecture,"

Tommy laughed at that.

They talked for a little longer before the bell rang.

Tommy sighed, knowing he had to go to class.

"Thanks for the talk, Mrs. Puff, I have to go now. Bye bye!"

"I thought I told you to stop calling me-" Puffy sighed, but a faint smile was still on her lips.

Tommy had rushed out the class before he could hear the teacher's small rebuttal to the nickname.

The hours rushed after he visited Puffy. He had said hello to Tubbo during their shared classes, but mainly stuck to himself as he usually did during the school day. Eventually, it was the end of the day. Tommy didn't share his last class with Tubbo, so he wanted to hurry over to the meeting area. He didn't want to keep them waiting. Tommy almost ran out of his last class, rushing to meet up with his bandmates.

He made it through the front doors of the school and stopped, trying to catch his breath as he looked for his bandmates.

His phone buzzed, he ripped it out his pocket.

"We're at the student parking lot! :D" Tubbo had messaged him.

Tommy started his walk to the area, nervous bouncing around his body. He didn't know how to feel, or what to think. He could only hope. Tommy walked to the student parking lot, spotting Ranboo and Tubbo. Mainly Ranboo, since he was tall enough to see clearly even from a distance.

However, Tommy hesitated.

Parked a few parking spaces before his bandmates were his brothers.

Tommy bit his lip. He started his stride, hoping his brother's wouldn't notice him walking by. He didn't need another reminder that his brothers would rather take their friends somewhere, than drive Tommy home. He didn't need to be reminded he was nothing but a bother to them. As he approached, he didn't bother to look at his brothers, gullibly believing if he didn't see them then they wouldn't see him. It didn't end up working that way. When he reached the side of Wilbur's car, he heard his name called before he could pass by. He sighed and looked to his left to see Wilbur staring at him. Techno stood at the other side of the car, staring at him as well.

"Do you need a ride?" Wilbur sighed, "Honestly, Tommy, I've told you I hang with my friends after school, there isn't any room for you,"

Tommy didn't feel like crying.

He didn't.

Tommy clenched his fists, biting into his lip deeper.

A slight metallic taste in his mouth told him he had bit too hard.

Before his brothers could say anything else, he felt something within him snap.

"I'm not here for you!" Tommy practically shouted, "I'm going somewhere with my friends!"

Tommy didn't care if he made a scene in the middle of the school parking lot; he was Tommy Innit Craft, causing a scene was one of his few talents.

He didn't see the expressions on his brother's faces or hear the words they said. He rushed past them, running over to Ranboo's car. His two bandmates had wide eyes and slightly agape mouths, if Tommy wasn't blinded by rage, he would have found it comical.

"You okay, bossman?" Tubbo asked, Tommy nodded.

"Let's just go, my brothers are being pricks,"

"Sure, let's go," Ranboo spoke, "Hop in,"

Tommy slid into back, tossing his backpack at his feet and trying to yank his seatbelt on with little success. He took a deep breath and calmly put on the seatbelt as Ranboo started the car. They drove off and Tommy kept his eyes locked outside the window. He watched as the buildings whisked by, comforted by the music that softly played from the radio. He closed his eyes and hummed to the familiar tunes of popular songs that were played until they turned stale.

"So..." Tubbo said, "We're friends?"

Tommy furrowed his brows, before lifting them with wide eyes in realization.

He did say that...

He looked over, Tubbo looked at him with a bright smile and a glint in his eyes. He ignored Ranboo's soft chuckle as he scrambled to find a proper response.

"Definitely not, bitch," Tommy muttered, a warmth blossoming on his cheeks.

"Aw, Ranboo, he's blushing!"

Tommy sunk into his seat at Ranboo's laugh, "Take me home, bitch boy!"

"No, we have to practice, remember?"

"This is kidnapping!" Tommy yelled.

"Do you think I care about the law?" Tubbo asked, and Tommy opened his mouth to respond, but closed it.

Tubbo did seem like the type to casually break laws.

He did mention he would hunt Tommy down if he didn't show up after all.

"Now, sit there like a good hostage, we're almost at my house!"

Tommy crossed his arms and huffed. The next few minutes were filled with somewhat comfortable silence, closing his eyes to take in the sounds around him. There was comfort in sounds, comfort in knowing people were around him.

The car stopped after a few more minutes.

"We're here!" Tubbo exclaimed, and Tommy glanced up. His slightly pouted lips dropped down, open in shock.

Was this a house, or a fucking mansion?

"It's a house," Tubbo responded, and Tommy realized he had said that out loud, "It is rather large though,"

"I had no idea you were rich!" Tommy said in shock, Tubbo shrugged.

"Is that important?"

"No," Tommy answered, "I was just shocked, never seen a house this big before,"

"I was shocked at first too," Ranboo spoke, "Tubbo never mentions it,"

"Well, let's go in!" Tubbo exclaimed, sliding out the car. Tommy grabbed his backpack, following his bandmates into the house.

Tommy's family was middle class, with a simple three bedroom house they could barely manage to afford. Tubbo's house looked something out of a luxury magazine, the house wasn't a mansion, but it was way larger than any house he had been to before. He looked around taking in the environment, eyes somewhat overwhelmed by the abstract art and paintings all rich people seemed to love. Tommy followed Tubbo up a large set of stairs, finally coming to a stop before a room.

"This is the music room." Tubbo pointed to the door, opening it. Tommy looked inside with intrigue, the room seemed simpler and less decorated rooms he walked past. However, inside were multiple instruments, both on the wall and around the room. Tommy trailed behind, looking at the guitars on the wall.

"Wow, this room is so fucking poggers," Tommy said.

"Did you just say poggers-"

"I know right?" Tubbo interrupted Ranboo, "My parents used to be interested in music, so they



collected a lot of instruments over the years,"

"Awesome!" Tommy said, "Now, do we start practicing?"

"Yeah, we're going to practice here today, next time will be at Ranboo's house,"

"Tubbo would prefer if we brought everything to my house, he spends most of his time there anyway,"

"That's fine," Tommy said, shrugging. "Although I don't get why, your house is pretty pog,"

Tubbo looked awkwardly, a forced smile on his lips that Tommy barely caught.

"Uh... my parents are never home... so..."

Tommy was hit by a sudden realization once again.

"You don't have to explain anything to me, big man," Tommy interrupted, "I get it, I stay at Puffy's class after school for a similar reason, don't like being alone either,"

Tubbo's face relaxed, and Ranboo cleared his throat.

"Enough sad stuff, let's start,"

The two other boys agreed, but they all stood there for a few awkward seconds after.

"How do we start?" Tommy asked, and Tubbo shrugged.

"Well, we typically write lyrics and mess around with instruments,"

"Then, let's do that," Tommy spoke, "Let's grab the instruments we need,"

Tommy watched as Ranboo grabbed a black and white bass, and looked around for an instrument to play himself. His eyes landed on a red and white guitar, it hung on the wall beside other various guitars. It looked expensive, Tommy wasn't sure if he was allowed to even take it.

"What's wrong?" A voice asked, taking him out of his thoughts.

"Oh, I was just looking around-"

"You can take any instrument, Tommy, my parents haven't played anything in years," Tubbo spoke, "I think they even forgot this room existed, now that they're traveling the world,"

"Without you?" Tommy blurted, Tubbo shrugged.

"They have spare time when they're not working," Tubbo explained, "I'm still in high school, so they can't take me with them,"

Tommy frowned at that, but didn't make a comment. He had no right to give his opinion to someone he barely knew. Instead, Tommy grasped the red guitar and slid it off the wall mount, relishing how it felt in his hands. It had been awhile since he held a guitar, the last time being in his freshman year of high school. He played a song on Wilbur's guitar, he didn't expect his brother to flip on him for touching it. It was the guitar Wilbur had taught him with, an old acoustic their dad had gotten his brother, which he left out in the open. To be fair, he had touched it without permission, but all he wanted was to remind himself of the times his brother had played music with him. Tommy shook his head at the bitter memory.

He strummed it a little, getting a feel for the thinner and lighter strings. Acoustics typically had thicker strings, that's why they were used before electric to gain more finger strength, and for the added bonuses they were cheaper and could be played anywhere without a power source needed.

Tommy turned to his bandmates, Tubbo stood by a drum kit with drumsticks in his hands as he talked to Ranboo. He walked towards them, the guitar in his hand.

"Nice pick," Ranboo said.

"Thanks, I needed a guitar as awesome as myself," Tommy spoke, he could tell the taller had rolled his eyes behind his sunglasses even if he couldn't see it.

"Plug your guitar into the amp, I'll grab my song book," Ranboo spoke, Tommy nodded and plugged his guitar into the amp Tubbo pointed to.

Tommy gave it an experimental strum, smirking as a loud noise screamed out from the speaker connected to the amp.

"Okay, here's the book," Ranboo said, gesturing to a large, purple spiral notebook in his hands. On the cover was a sticker of a Minecraft allium in the center, matching the color of the notebook, surrounded by a white border. There were other stickers surrounding the flower, an enderman and bee sticker.

Ranboo opened the book, "I write random things in here, like lyrics for songs and chords I think of randomly. Sometimes, I write full songs. Tubbo writes in here too,"

"Cool," Tommy said, "Do you have a certain song you're working on?"

"Well, one, but I'm not sure about it,"

"Don't be shy, boob boy!" Tommy teased, Ranboo sighed and grabbed his bass. He slid the strap of the bass onto his shoulder and passed the notebook to Tubbo, who held it out to him.

Ranboo strummed his bass, clearing his throat, before he sang, "Don't kill me, just help me run away,"

Tommy took note of how Ranboo paused in-between each word.

"From everyone I need a place to stay. Where I can cover up my face," Ranboo continued, "Don't cry, I am just a freak,"

He closed his eyes as Ranboo repeated, "I am just a freak,"

Ranboo strummed the bass for a few moment's afterward, Tommy continued to listen intently.

"My head is filled with parasites, black holes cover up my eyes,"

Ranboo's voice was nice, powerful yet soft.

"I dream of you almost every night, hopefully I won't wake up this time,"

Tommy opened his eyes as Ranboo stopped strumming.

"So, what did you think?" Ranboo asked.

Tommy noticed that the male seemed tense, his shoulders a bit too high and his fingers moving in

place.

Tommy smiled, "I think your voice and lyrics are great, Ranboo,"

Ranboo's shoulders dropped down, "Thanks,"

"Still needs some work though, let me try playing something," Tommy said, "Do you have a pick?"

Ranboo nodded, digging into his pocket and pulling out a black pick. He tossed it to Tommy, who caught it.

"What are you thinking?" Tubbo asked.

The session kicked off from there. They discussed melodies and lyrics to various songs in the notebook. Tubbo was amazing on the drums, creating various beats to fit whatever song they worked on. They listened to each other, trying out different options before they ruled them out.

Tommy strummed the guitar, testing out the melody he thought of.

"That sounds so good!" Tubbo said, Tommy smiled.

"Thanks, bee boy," Tommy said, "Your drumming is pog, the rhythm matches the vibe of the song,"

They complimented each other often during the practice. They encouraged each other to try out ideas, and even if they ruled out an idea, it was still complimented as they played or sang well.

Hours went by in what seemed to be seconds. Before any of them knew it, it was eight thirty.

"It's getting late," Tubbo commented as he checked his phone, "It's eight thirty,"

"Already?" Ranboo spoke before turning to Tommy, "Do you have a curfew, Tommy?"

"Yeah, around nine thirty, I think?" Tommy answered, "A big man like me doesn't need to follow a curfew though,"

"Well, I do," Ranboo said, "I have until ten, let's wrap this up,"

"Sounds good, I have one last rhythm I want to try for this song,"

They experimented for another thirty minutes, losing themselves in the music.

"It's nine, we should start leaving now." Ranboo placed his bass in a nearby case after unplugging it.

Tommy unplugged the electric guitar, "Here's your pick, Ranboo,"

Tommy made a motion to toss it, but the taller male shook his head.

"Keep it, I have another,"

Tommy shrugged his shoulders and slid the pick into his pocket. He walked over to the wall mount, about to place the guitar back, when Tubbo spoke.

"Put in a guitar case, we're taking it to Ranboo's house anyway,"

Tubbo passed Tommy a black guitar case and the blond thanked him, before placing the guitar

inside. He latched it, picking the case up by the handle.

"We're just taking the guitars today, we'll take more another time," Ranboo explained.

The boys out the room and headed downstairs. They continued to chat about the songs they worked on, excited about the progress they made.

"The song came out so well," Tubbo said, "You had some good ideas that I didn't even think of,"

"Of course, I am more smarter than Ranboo after all,"

"More smarter? Again?" Ranboo said and Tommy rolled his eyes.

"Shut up bitch, don't be so jealous of my intellect,"

They hopped into Ranboo's car, placing the guitars in the trunk beforehand. Ranboo started the car and they were off. Tommy didn't want to head back home yet, he didn't want to go back to silence and being ignored. He didn't want to be alone.

He sighed, accepting his fate.

Tubbo suddenly spoke, "Today was really fun, I'm glad you agreed to join,"

Tommy ignored how his heart danced with joy.

"Yeah, me too," Ranboo said, "You play guitar so well, and your lyrics were great too,"

He was not happy, he was not.

Tommy cleared his throat, "Uh, I'm glad you asked me. It was cool,"

"Aw, Tommy," Tubbo spoke, "You-"

"Not another word, bitch," Tommy interrupted.

The rest of the drive was peaceful, filled with small conversation. Tommy gave Ranboo the directions to his house once the area became more familiar. Eventually, they made it to Tommy's house, parking outside of his house.

"Alright, time for me to go," Tommy said, yanking his backpack from the floor of the car. "See you guys, later,"

Tommy exited the car, bitterness in his chest. He didn't want everything to end here, he didn't want to go home. He ignored all his instincts screaming at him to beg the boys to let him stay and took a few steps towards his house.

"Tommy!" Tubbo yelled, causing Tommy to look back.

He watched as the brunet beamed at him, "Let's practice tomorrow, too!"

Tommy ignored how his lips curled up without his permission, "Sure, bee boy, sounds great,"

Tubbo and Ranboo waved, before the car left, leaving nothing but the memory they were there.

Tommy turned back around to his house, unlocking the door. He locked it behind him, taking note at how quiet the house was. It was a complete contrast from how he spent the last few hours.

Instead of the thumping of drums or deep strums of a bass, there was nothing but silence. He shook his head, hurrying up to his room. He tossed his backpack to the ground, laying on his bed while he stared at the ceiling.

For once, the silence didn't fill his mind.

Instead, a smile graced his lips as he remembered he would be hanging out with them again tomorrow.

He wouldn't be alone.

## Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed, the song Ranboo sang was "Freaks" by Surf Curse!

# Going Off The Rails

## Chapter Summary

Tommy practices with the band the next day, afterwards they get food and get to know each other.

Tommy also gets to see what's under Ranboo's mask.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

His alarm blared, causing the blond to groan. He turned it off and closed his eyes, before opening them in realization. He wouldn't admit that he rushed out of bed to clean himself up, or how he rushed back into his room to yank clothes on. He wasn't excited to practice with the band again, what are you talking about? He, then, realized he should've checked his phone first, but he was too excited. He actually had somewhere to go, somewhere where he wouldn't be alone. Tommy unlocked his phone, noticing there was an unread message from Ranboo.

"When can we pick you up?" Ranboo asked.

Tommy checked the time, it was ten in the morning.

"Whenever, I'm free all day," Tommy responded.

A buzz came soon after.

"Send me your address please,"

Tommy quickly typed his address and sent it.

"Be there in ten with Tubbo, see you soon!" Was the last message Ranboo sent.

Tommy smiled, rushing to slide on his shoes before barreling out his room. He noticed his family was in the living room, sitting on the couch while a movie played on the tv. Even something as simple as that, they did without him. Before, Wilbur would have yanked him out of bed to watch a movie with him. Tommy shrugged it off as usual and rushed to grab a granola bar and coke from the kitchen. He chomped on the bar and chugged the soda, trying to fill his stomach before he left the house. He didn't want to practice with an empty stomach. He slipped another bar in his pocket before he dumped the ripped wrapper and empty can of coke in the trash. He sat on the kitchen counter, kicking his feet and sighed.

Now, he had to wait a few more minutes...

Great.

Minutes later, a text notification popped up as he played a random game on his phone.

"We're here :D" Tubbo sent him.

Tommy slid his phone back into his pocket and sprinted out the kitchen. He reached the front door, unlocking it, ready to yank it open.

"Where are you going?" A voice interrupted his happy moment.

"Out, Wilbur," Tommy spoke, "None of your fucking business though,"

"Tommy," Phil warned and the blond closed his mouth despite his urge to scream.

Instead, he ripped open the front door and slammed the door behind him.

Of course Wilbur had to ruin his good mood.

He took a deep breath and looked forward, noticing Ranboo's car. Tommy dashed forward, jumping into the back of the car before anyone could even speak.

"Morning, now get me the fuck out of here," Tommy spoke, snapping on his seatbelt.

"You okay, boss man?"

"No, my family are a bunch of pricks," Tommy answered, "If I stay here any longer, I will commit a crime,"

"Sounds fun,"

Ranboo sighed and shifted the gear before driving off.

"We're going to get the rest of the equipment from Tubbo's house, then we'll practice at my house,"

"Alright, big man," Tommy said, "Doesn't sound too hard,"

It was hard.

They took multiple trips from Tubbo's house to Ranboo's. They had to take Tubbo's whole drum kit, dismantle it, and then put it back together in Ranboo's basement. They went back for the keyboard and amplifiers next, before finally bringing the speakers and microphones over. Tommy hadn't done this much exercise since P.E class in the ninth grade. He slumped onto the couch in Ranboo's basement, that rested against the left wall, fatigue taking over. He didn't care that he squished the enderman and bee plushies that lined the couch.

Tommy hated stairs. He didn't know how many times he had went up and down the stairs during the two and a half hours it took to bring everything over.

He sighed, looking over as Tubbo set up the speakers, barely breaking a sweat.

The brunet was stronger than Tommy thought, he screamed when Tubbo picked him up to prove a point. The blond had been teasing him a little, asking if he needed a "big man's help." Needless to say, the teen was yanked off his feet before he could even protest. Tommy wasn't sure if Ranboo took a picture of it, but if he did, Tommy would clart him.

Tommy looked around the basement, finally taking in the room. The basement was quite large, with fairy lights dangling down against the right wall, and a wooden floor. There were posters of bands on the wall the couch rested on. In front of the couch was a coffee table, random papers which seemed to be homework, on top. Ranboo's song book was on the table as well, slightly open as a pencil rested between the pages. To the right of the entrance to the basement was a wall of polaroids, mostly of Ranboo and Tubbo, which contrasted against the brown wall they laid on.

Tommy stretched his body, standing up from the couch and lazily attempting to fix the plushies. He walked over to Tubbo, helping the brunet with setting up the speakers.

"Next time you ask for my help, I'll say no." Tommy spoke and Tubbo responded with a swift punch to the shoulder.

"Ow!" Tommy whined, rubbing his shoulder, "You're such a bitch,"

Before Tubbo could speak, the sound of someone coming down the stairs shifted their focus. Ranboo had come down, water bottles in his hands. He passed them to the two and they gulped down the water.

"Thanks, big man, I needed it,"

"No problem," Ranboo said, opening his own water bottle and pressing the opening to his mask.

Tommy cackled.

"Does that actually work?"

Ranboo nodded, "Sure does,"

Tommy laughed as Ranboo casually took another sip, nearly choking on his water.

"Alright," Tubbo said, standing up and brushing his pants, "Everything is set up,"

"Finally." Tommy stood as well, tightening the lid back onto his water bottle. "This basement looks pog by the way,"

"Thanks, my moms renovated it awhile back, but never used it," Ranboo explained, "So, they let me decorate it and use it for the band,"

"Enough talk, men," Tubbo interrupted, walking over to the coffee table, grabbing the song book, "We have songs to practice!"

"Fuck yeah!" Tommy said.

Tommy rushed upstairs with Ranboo, grabbing the guitars from the taller's room. Tommy looked around before they left and his eyes almost bled from how much black and white was in the room. The bed? White and black. The rug in the middle of the room? White and black. Even the curtains were black on one side and white on the other, did he seriously buy two different curtain sets just to do that?

"What the fuck?" Tommy blurted, "Are you obsessed with black and white?"

Ranboo chuckled, "I just like the colors, I guess,"

Tommy knew the expression on his face was funny based on how the Ranboo's shoulders shook as he tried to stifle a laugh.

"I get that," Tommy said, "But, this is the most commitment I've ever seen in my life,"

The two walked back down to the basement, chatting amongst themselves as Tubbo practiced on the drums.

"Took you forever," Tubbo said, "You're bonding without me?"



"Yup," Ranboo agreed, laughing as Tubbo frowned.

The brunet went on a rant about how betrayed he felt, that Tommy was supposed to be "OUR" friend, in his words.

Tommy rolled his eyes, placing the case on the floor and unlatching it. He opened it and smiled as he saw his red and white guitar.

"Clementine," Tommy blurted, unaware he said it out loud, a smile on his lips.

"Did you name the guitar?" Tubbo asked, Tommy's cheeks burned.

"Clementine is a perfectly good name for a guitar!" Tommy yelled, "You're just mad you didn't think of it first, bee boy!"

Tubbo and Ranboo chuckled and Tommy ignored them, a scowl on his reddened face.

He gently took out the guitar from the case and walked over amp, plugging it in. He slid the strap onto his shoulder, the weight of the guitar comforting him.

"Let's start already," Tommy whined, "Where's the song book?"

"Have it in my lap," Tubbo said, picking it up and waving it.

Ranboo took it and flipped through the pages, stopping after what he found what he was looking for.

"Hey Tommy, remembered those lyrics you wrote? For the song, off the rails?"

Oh, that song was one of his more personal ones that he randomly scribbled down in the notebook.

"Yeah?"

"I really like it, I think we should work on it," Ranboo said.

"That one was pretty good," Tubbo agreed.

"Sure, let's start boys,"

The boys took their time to develop the song, testing out different melodies and beats. Scribbles filled the margins on the page, tattooing their ideas into the paper. Tommy and Ranboo kept tossing the pencil at each other, writing down their ideas before they had the chance to leave. Tubbo would write down things as well, but he focused on the beat, trying to find the proper heartbeat to make song come alive.

"That's it!" Ranboo pointed at a lyric, "Put that line after this one,"

Tommy wrote the line and Ranboo clapped.

"I think we're done." Ranboo said, "Let's practice it, remember the chords?"

Tommy nodded and moved to stand by a microphone stand. Ranboo stood by the other microphone stand, ready to sing with him. They looked at Tubbo who nodded, twirling the drumsticks in his hands with ease. Tubbo hit a simple beat on his drums and Tommy began to sing.

"Don't have money, can't pay you back. Think you could spot me? Add it to my tab?" Tommy

sang, Ranboo strummed his bass as he did.

"Self checkout at Erewhon. Five finger discount, did nothing wrong," Tommy continued, Ranboo singing the background vocals.

"Take me downtown, I don't know where to go. I can't find my phone so I'll play the radio," Tommy tapped his foot to the beat, starting to strum his guitar, "My life's a mess, but I don't give a shit. I never try my best, I learn to live with it,"

"I'm doing fine, stop asking me what's wrong. I live my life like I'm the only one," Tommy raised his voice, letting his emotion take over. When he wrote the line randomly, he thought about his family, always prying when they had no right. He had spent so much time alone, why did they try to fake concern whenever they were in the mood to give him the time of day?

"Going off the rails," Tommy sang, his voice higher and louder, dragging out the words. Tubbo's drumming sped up with his raised vocals.

The boys focused on the instruments for a few moments after the last line. They bounced and swayed to the melody, losing themselves into the music with smiles on their lips. Tommy head-banged to the music, a sense of lost passion coming back every chord he played.

"I borrowed your car and barely made it back. The gas tank was empty. It always had that scratch," Ranboo sang, a reference to when he accidentally scratched his parents' car before he got his own, but it fit well into the theme of the song.

"I'm doing my best here, but that's not good enough." Ranboo bobbed his head to the beat, "I'll try harder next year, don't call my bluff,"

Tommy admired Ranboo's voice, not that he'd ever admit that.

"Take me downtown, I don't know where to go. I can't find my phone so I'll play the radio. My life's a mess, but I don't give a shit. I never try my best, I learn to live with it!" Tommy repeated, he swayed his head to the beat of Tubbo's sped up drumming, "I'm doing fine, stop asking me what's wrong. I live my life like I'm the only one."

"Going off the rails!" He sang.

They finished off the song by just playing their instruments again.

After they finished, they stood there, breath a little heavy.

They practice a little longer, refining the details of the song, but overall happy with it. Tommy and Tubbo talked about the rhythm, but were interrupted by how the blond's stomach growled.

"Guess I'm hungry?" Tommy said.

"Did you eat anything?" Tubbo asked, Tommy nodded.

"A granola bar," Tommy answered, "I have another one in my pocket, guess I'll just-"

"That's all you had?" Tubbo asked before turning to Ranboo, "Ranboo, commence operation: get food,"

"Sure, I'm hungry too," Ranboo said, sliding off the strap on his shoulder, "Where should we go?"

"McDonald's?" Tubbo suggested.

"Uh, I didn't bring any money," Tommy spoke up, rubbing the back of his neck, "You guys don't-"

"It's fine, I'll pay for your stuff,"

"He always pays for food, has a lot of allowance and doesn't know how to spend it," Ranboo spoke, "Don't worry,"

Tommy bit his lip but nodded.

"Sure, free food is always the best," Tommy said, "Let's go,"

They tidied up the basement, putting things away before they headed upstairs. Tommy greeted Ranboo's mothers, waving at them, before they left. They were nice, which made Tommy a tad jealous. He'd rather have two cool moms than a neglectful family.

Tommy called shotgun, rushing into the car, making Tubbo sigh but slide into the back.

"Haha, bitch!" Tommy cackled, "I'm too fast for you!"

"I won't buy you anything,"

"I'm sorry," Tommy instantly said, causing Tubbo to laugh.

The drive to McDonald's was filled with laughter and chatter. Ranboo almost missed his turn into McDonald's because he was laughing so hard at Tubbo and Tommy's conversation.

"What the fuck, Tubbo?" Tommy stared at Tubbo in disbelief.

"I'm just saying, a missing organ wouldn't harm anybody,"

"Tubbo," Ranboo spoke, "You can't take someone's heart and expect them to live,"

"I think I could find a way,"

Ranboo parked the car and they entered the McDonald's, ordering food before taking a seat at a table. Ranboo sat in a corner, Tubbo beside him, while Tommy sat across from the pair. Eventually, the food came out and Tommy went to grab it with Tubbo. As he came back, he noticed Ranboo seemed a little tense.

"Something wrong?" Tommy asked, his tray in his hand.

"No, uh, not really,"

Tubbo sighed and sat beside Ranboo, as the masked man stared at the food placed in front of him.

"Look, something is obviously the matter, what is it?" Tommy asked, staring back and forth between the two.

"I need to take off my mask to eat, but, uh..." Ranboo trailed, "I don't want to freak you out,"

"I'm a big man, seeing your face isn't going to freak me out," Tommy replied, eyebrows furrowed.

"Come on, Boo, it's going to be fine. You said you were hungry," Tubbo encouraged.

Ranboo sighed, his fingertips brushing his mask and then pulling it down. Tommy said nothing as he stared at Ranboo's face. There were scars all over the bottom half of Ranboo's face, varying in

thickness and length. Some came up from the bottom of Ranboo's jaw to the cheek, some sat just on the cheek. One scar even sat across his nose, starting from the middle and then moving left. The worst scar, by far, was the one that started above the top lip and below the bottom lip, clearly the wound had been rather deep. It sat to the right of his mouth and Tommy knew that whatever happened, it was definitely painful.

Tommy made sure to keep his face straight, thankful he had mastered that skill.

He spoke, "I don't see what's wrong with you face, big man,"

Ranboo stared at him, not saying a word.

"Have you seen my brother, Techno?" Tommy asked and Ranboo nodded, "His face when he gets mad, that freaks me out, he looks like a fucking nutcase. You're nothing compared to that,"

Ranboo huffed out a laugh, still tense but relaxing.

"Now, let's eat, I'm fucking starving." Tommy grabbed a fry and took a bite.

"That's what you get for only eating a granola bar all day," Tubbo said.

Tommy flipped off the brunet, shoving more fries into his mouth as he did so.

He ignored how Ranboo's eyes lingered on him for a little longer before the male turned to Tubbo.

Conversation assumed back to normal, Tommy felt relieved as Ranboo relaxed over time. He didn't know how Ranboo got those scars, but it didn't matter. None of his business. It honestly made the dirty blond look cooler though.

Somehow, the conversation started to focus on getting to know each other. They all got to asked general questions: Favorite color, animal, where you would hide a dead body (what the fuck, Tubbo?), and more. Tommy honestly lost track of time talking to them.

"It's four?" Ranboo checked his phone, "Time's going by quickly,"

"Should we watch a movie when we get back?" Tubbo asked.

Ranboo nodded, "Sure, it's still early. You don't need to go home yet, right Tommy?"

Tommy shook his head, "Nah, I can stay as late as last time,"

"Good," Ranboo said, a smile gracing his scarred lips. "I'm glad,"

Tommy did NOT think Ranboo had a nice smile.

"Whatever..." Tommy grumbled, looking away from the taller boy.

He also did NOT notice the fondness aimed towards him in Tubbo's eyes as they made eye contact.

"Let's go, boys,"

Tommy looked away from his friends, sliding out of the seat first, the boys following after him. Ranboo had slipped his mask back on, and Tommy could only sympathize with the teen. He stopped wearing shorts because of his own scars.

They drove back to Ranboo's house, storming into the house with full stomachs and laughs. The

trio sat in the living room, scrolling through movies before picking a random horror movie. Tommy sat between the two and Tommy acted tough, trying to stop his jolts from jump scares, and biting his lip to hold his screams. Ranboo was also tense, flinching at certain parts of the movie while Tubbo complained about the killing not being too realistic.

Tommy jumped as another jumpscare happened, unable to stop himself. An arm around his shoulder shifted his focus and he glanced to his right to see Ranboo smiling at him. The dirty blond had taken his mask back off in the comfort of his own home, still wearing his sunglasses though. Tommy rolled his eyes, a minor complaint slipped from his mouth, before he turned back to the movie. Tubbo snuggled closer to his side as well, the three cuddling together on the couch.

"How the fuck did I get here?" Tommy thought, "I've literally known them for three days,"

However, he couldn't find in him to complain.

He closed his eyes and relished in the affection, something he hadn't received in years.

When he woke up, he realized it was night, seeing how dark outside from the open windows behind him. He tried to move his body in a confused, groggy state, before realizing he was cuddled by Ranboo and Tubbo. Ranboo wrapped his arms around Tommy, somehow managing to somewhat wrap around Tubbo as well. Tubbo was pressed against Tommy's side, arm wrapped around the middle of the blond's torso. He looked at both of his friends which were sleeping against him with a smile he would deny was there. He sighed and shook Ranboo.

Tommy rolled his eyes as the taller boy grumbled.

"Wake up, boob boy," Tommy spoke, "You need to take me home,"

Ranboo unwrapped his arms and stretched, yawning. "What time is it?"

"I don't know, just woke up,"

Ranboo slid his hand in back pocket and turned on his phone.

"It's eight thirty, were we really asleep for that long?"

"Shut up," Tubbo whined, cuddling deeper into Tommy, "I'm trying to sleep,"

"Get off of me!" Tommy pushed at Tubbo, "I have to go home,"

"No... I'll stab you if you try to leave," Tubbo grumbled.

"Tubbo, let him go,"

"I'll stab you too, don't test me,"

It took some time before Tubbo managed to let go.

"You can stay sleeping Tubbo, I'll take Tommy and come back,"

"You better hurry, or else I'll commit a crime,"

Ranboo sighed and gestured for Tommy to follow him, grabbing his keys from the key rack near the front door. Tommy stretched his body as he walked, saying goodbye to Tubbo before walking out the door.

Tommy slid into the passenger seat, laying back against the seat as fatigue continued to hit him. Ranboo started the car and they were off, Tommy whispered directions whenever Ranboo needed them, his eyes threatening to close at times. When they finally made it to Tommy's house, Ranboo parked the car. Before Tommy could exit the car, Ranboo spoke.

"You know, I don't just show my face to anyone," Ranboo said, Tommy turned to look at him. "For some reason, I trusted you enough despite only knowing you for a few days. I wouldn't have ordered anything if I didn't. I don't know. We just get along so well and I had a feeling you wouldn't care. You know, Tubbo takes awhile to give affection to people and yet he cuddled up to you. I guess I want to tell you that even though it happened so quickly or easily, it actually means a lot for me and Tubbo to do those things."

Tommy didn't say a word.

"Uh, sorry, if that was too much, I-"

"You know, the last person try and touch me, got clarted," Tommy spoke, "You both should feel special too,"

It was true, Tommy punched someone for touching his shoulder once. To be fair, the guy deserved it, he was patronizing him.

Ranboo stared at Tommy in silence.

They sat in silence for a few moments, yet it didn't feel awkward.

"Well, I should go, goodnight boob boy," Tommy said, "Don't miss me too much, I know it's cool to spend time with a big man like me, but I've got shit to do,"

Tommy slid out the car, Ranboo spoke before he closed the door.

"Goodnight, Tommy,"

The boys waved at each other then Ranboo drove off. Tommy sighed and walked up to his door, taking the key from under the doormat. They always left it there in case someone needed it. In his rage, Tommy didn't think to grab his own key to the house. He unlocked the door, slipping the key back under the doormat, then entering. The house was quiet once again, no one sat in the living room. He locked the door behind and sighed.

He fought the urge to run back to Ranboo's house.

Tommy hurried up to his room, locking the door behind him. He kicked off his sneakers and jumped into his bed. He didn't bother to change, he was too tired, and it would be future Tommy's problem. He closed his eyes and thought back to the day.

Maybe, the two were growing on him, MAYBE.

## Chapter End Notes

Was this chapter alliumduo focused? Yes.

Do I regret it? No.

Hope you enjoyed! The plot is going to kick off from next chapter onwards, I believe.

(Also, support Platonic love at first sight, like you see someone and are like... I wanna be your friend so bad and give you platonic snuggles. Then, you just get along so well??? Platonic soulmates??? That's what I want, I don't need a partner, I want to cuddle my friends.

That is essentially what's happened here btw. Tommy is still in denial though, which be a mood.)

The song they sang was off the rails by Wallice!

# El Rapids

## Chapter Summary

Tommy visits a coffee shop that lets local bands perform with Ranboo and Tubbo.

He meets an old friend and gets to see an epic performance from a local band.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It had been a few weeks since he had met Ranboo and Tubbo. It seemed that the time that once moved slowly, like sand in an hourglass, had sped up. He found most of his afternoons spent with them, from weekday to weekend. Tommy had to admit, the change was welcome. It beat sitting alone in his room and begging for the silence to stop. He walked out of school with his friends, talking with them as they walked to Ranboo's car.

"Have you heard of El Rapids?" Tubbo asked, Tommy shook his head. "It's a coffee shop where local bands perform, I've always wanted to go with you guys,"

"Why don't we go then? We're not practicing today," Tommy said, Tubbo's smile grew bigger and he looked at Ranboo. The taller male could only sigh as he received puppy eyes from Tubbo, then Tommy.

"Sure," Ranboo relented.

"Yes!" Tubbo jumped with arms in the air. "Let's go!"

The boys rushed to the car, sliding into their usual spots. Tommy sat in the back, tossing his backpack to the floor with a smile on his lips. The car moved and the world flashed by, becoming a blur. Even as Tommy passed by unfamiliar buildings, nothing disrupted the world held within the car. A world where Ranboo drove exasperatedly as Tubbo yelled directions at him from the gps on his phone. A world where Tommy cackled as Ranboo threatened to turn the car around only to change his mind when Tubbo threatened to stab him with his drumsticks.

"Stop laughing and help me with this psychopath," Ranboo spoke and Tommy laughed.

"Nope, Ranboob, he's in the front so he's your responsibility,"

"I'll sit with you on the way back then," Tubbo's mischievous smile only spelled trouble.

"Ranboo... stop him," Tommy pleaded.

"Nope, not my problem," Ranboo replied, a loud laugh sprouting from his lips afterwards.

Tommy huffed.

Ranboo pulled up to the cafe and Tubbo was bouncing in excitement, jumping out from the car the moment Ranboo parked it. Tommy and Ranboo exited a second later, staring at the coffeeshop with intrigue. It was a decent sized brick building, with a single front door and a window beside it,



labeled with the words of "El Rapids". There were a few seats in front of the coffeeshop for outdoor seating, but no one preoccupied any.

"So," Ranboo said, "How'd you find out about this place?"

"Visited here before with my dad," Tubbo answered with a distant look in his eye, "One of the few times we actually spent together,"

Tommy didn't know what to say to that, simply patting Tubbo on the shoulder.

"Let's go, big man," Tommy smiled, "I don't want to miss a performance,"

Tubbo perked up at that, "Alright, bossman,"

The trio walked inside the coffeeshop, the lighting was dim and added to the mood. There were tables around the room, mostly to the right, around half were occupied by people. Towards the far back was a stage where a few microphones and a drum kit sat. To the far left was the counter, where you could order pastries and coffee. The coffeeshop had a soothing vibe, the warm tones of browns around the shop adding to the comforting vibes.

"Wanna order something?" Tubbo asked, Ranboo shook his head and Tommy shrugged.

"Fine, I'll order something for me, can you both find a table?"

"Okay," Tommy said, "Come on, boo,"

There was a moment of silence.

"Boo? That's a first," The taller teased, Tommy looked at the Ranboo with hatred.

"Shut up, I hate you,"

"Sure you do,"

Tommy didn't have a rebuttal, simply walking faster to find a table. They settled for a seat towards the right of the room, it sat a table away from the stage. Ranboo and Tommy sat down at the round table and waited for Tubbo to come. They talked for a few minutes before noticing a group of people approaching the stage with instruments in their hands. One was a tall person with long brunet hair and wearing a strawberry dress. There were two girls, one with pink hair and the other with purple. Finally, there was a male with a shaved down head with drumsticks in his hand.

"Guess they're going to perform," Ranboo said.

Tommy nodded, staring as the group set up their instruments. It seemed the brunet was using a bass, while the girls each held a guitar. The three each sat in front of a microphone, seeming to all be singers. The male with the shaved head sat down at the drum kit and twirled the drumsticks in his hands.

"Hey guys, got some pastries," Tubbo spoke, placing down the paper bags of food and a drink for himself. "We can eat these later,"

Ranboo nodded and they continued to talk until a tap on a microphone caught their attention.

"Hello, everybody!" The pink-haired girl spoke, "We are Royal Decree,"

Cheers filled the coffeeshop, clearly a popular band. She briefly introduced all the members: Minx,

Jack, Eret, and herself, Niki.

"We'll be performing, "All I Wanted", hope you enjoy!" She continued.

Tommy shifted in his seat, excited to see the performance. Niki strummed her guitar as Eret played his bass. The tempo was slow, gently filling the room.

"Think of me when you're out, when you're out there." Niki started, "I'll beg you nice from my knees, and when the world treats you way too fairly... Well it's a shame, I'm a dream,"

Minx joined in with her guitar as Niki continued.

"All I wanted was you, all I wanted was you," Niki dragged out the note, then a second later the tempo changed.

They played louder, Jack joining in with his drums. Tommy wouldn't admit it, but he jumped at the sudden change. The band only played their instruments for a moment, the powerful sound pulling him into a trance. The music calmed back down after a few moments, returning to the slow tempo from before with the addition of drums.

"I think I'll pace my apartment a few times and fall asleep on the couch," Minx sang, the instruments taking up the space between her pauses, "Wake up early to black and white re-runs, that escaped from my mouth,"

Niki gently sang, "Oh, oh," afterwards before the music shot up again after Jack's drumming quickened.

"All I wanted was you, all I wanted was you,"

Minx's powerful voice settled in perfectly beside the instrument, her high notes causing Tommy's jaw to drop ever so slightly.

"All I wanted was you, all I wanted was you,"

Tommy listened to the lyrics carefully. He understood that feeling of wanting someone. He had wanted his brothers, that's all he had wanted at one point, but they never wanted him. He wanted to go back to watching cartoons and reciting the phrases while giggling. He wanted to be chased in the park again, picked up by his brothers and treated as if he mattered.

He simply wanted to be wanted.

He wanted to be wanted by them, because he had always wanted them in return.

The music cooled down one last time.

"I could follow you to the beginning and just to relive the start, and maybe then we'll remember to slow down at all of our favorite parts," Eret sang, his deep voice filling the room.

Then, all the music cut out.

"All I wanted was you!" Minx sang, her voice filling the bar alone.

Tommy's jaw dropped even more, in shock at the vocal power.

The instruments crashed back in after Minx sang that line, coming back with force.

Minx continued to sing, "All I wanted is you," in various different ways, still making her voice high and powerful.

Then, the song ended, the sound of the electric guitar continuing for a few moments.

There were a few moments of silence, before the coffeeshop erupted in applause. Tommy made sure to clap along, the performance was incredible.

"That was so pog!" Tommy said, still in awe.

"I know, right? I love coming here!" Tubbo spoke, "Maybe one day, we'll perform here!"

"I hope so, big man," Tommy responded, looking up at the stage and imagining them up there. It may not be a large concert performance, but performing here would be an amazing opportunity to share the music they had been working on. The songs that Tommy loved.

Day by day, Tommy loved music more and it was because of Tubbo and Ranboo.

The band played a few more songs before leaving the stage. Tommy wished he could talk with them, but they seemed too cool to approach.

Tommy stood up a minute later and told the others he was going to the restroom. He walked past tables alone, trying to avoid bumping into anyone. He still managed to knock into someone with his shoulder and winced, hurrying to turn and apologize.

"Sorry," Tommy spoke, before realizing who it was.

"It's fine... wait, Tommy?" Quackity spoke, "It's been awhile, man,"

"Yeah, it has! How've you been, Big Q?"

"Great, starting working here." Quackity gestured to his blue apron with the name tag clipped on, "What are you doing here?"

"Just came to check out the bands" Tommy explained, "I came with my band mates and-"

"You're in a band?" Quackity looked surprised, "Wait, I have an idea, give me your number,"

Quackity slid his phone out of his pocket, opened contacts, and passed it to Tommy. Tommy added his number, raising a brow at Quackity.

"What do you need my number for?"

"It's a surprise, Tomás." Quackity slid his phone back in his pocket, "It's really good to see you again, Wilbur doesn't talk about you often so I have no idea what you're doing,"

Tommy internally winced at that, but nodded.

"Yeah, anyway, see you later, Big Q?"

Quackity nodded, waving at Tommy before leaving.

Tommy sighed and made his way to the restroom, splashing water into his face. He stared at his reflection in the mirror silently.

He thought back to Quackity. Tommy could have called him a childhood friend, but he really

wasn't his friend, more like Wilbur's. They hung a lot though, getting along easily. The two were a chaotic duo at the time. However, when Wilbur started pushing him away, he took his friends with him.

Quackity would try to make an effort, but he was Wilbur's friend, not Tommy's. Who would hang out with their friend's younger brother?

Tommy exited the restroom and took his seat with the friends again. They watched a few more performances before they left, hanging out the rest of the day before Tommy was dropped off home. He missed them every time he was forced to go back home...

His routine continued as normal after that, forgetting he had given Quackity his number. He lounged in Ranboo's basement, chilling on the couch with his friends. His legs were tossed on Ranboo's lap, while his head rested on Tubbo's lap. He scrolled on his phone absentmindedly until he received a text.

"Hey, it's Quackity. Got you a gig at El Rapids in two weeks, sound good?"

Tommy sat up right away, staring at text with wide eyes.

"You could've hit me," Tubbo whined, "What happened?"

"Quackity got us a gig at El Rapids,"

"What?" Tubbo spoke, taking the phone from Tommy's hand and reading the text. "Oh my god,"

Tommy snatched his phone back and looked at his bandmates.

"Should I say yes?"

"You better, or else I'll murder you," Tubbo threatened and Tommy rolled his eyes, sending a quick, "Yeah that's fine with us. Thanks for the gig, Big Q,"

"Holy shit, our first gig," Tommy spoke, a smile on his lips.

"What are we doing? We need to practice!" Tubbo rushed off the couch, letting Tommy fall back into the soft cushions.

Tommy cursed at the brunet before getting up from the couch with Ranboo. The trio grabbed their instruments and flipped through the contents of Ranboo's song book. They tried to find a few songs to play at the coffeeshop. The boys lost themselves in the moment, making songs and playing music together. If only someone could encapsulate this period of time: a time of giggles and misplaced notes, a time of excitement when chords were perfectly pieced together, a time where Tommy could be free to enjoy life.

Tommy wouldn't admit it, but all he felt was warm when he was with them. They were like the sun for him and he was moon, one neglected of warmth and light. Now that he had light, he could find it within himself to try to glow because of them. One day, maybe he could become a sun, but for now he was just basking in their light. He basked in the light of Ranboo's scarred smile and Tubbo's giggles. It almost burned him with how bright they were.

Before they knew it, it was ten o'clock at night.

"Shit," Tommy said as he checked the time on his phone, "It's past curfew,"

"I'm sorry, I-" Ranboo started to speak, but Tommy shook his head.

"It's not your fault, don't blame yourself," Tommy spoke, "Fuck, it's not like they'll notice anyway,"

Ranboo and Tubbo paused at that.

"What do you mean?" Tubbo asked, Tommy shrugged.

"I told you they're pricks." Tommy placed his guitar in the case, "Most of the time they ignore me, I'm used to it I guess,"

Tubbo frowned at that, rushing forward and hugging the blond. Tommy stumbled and almost fell over, but steadied himself. He opened his mouth to complain but decided not to. Instead, he took in the embrace and hugged Tubbo back. Ranboo joined in a few moments later, wrapping the two boys in his arms.

"I still hate how much taller you are than me," Tommy spoke, making Ranboo laugh. "But... uh, I'll stay over today?"

"Is that a question or a statement?" Tubbo asked.

"A statement, you bitch,"

"Well, guess we'll have to share the inflatable bed?"

"You have an inflatable bed?"

Apparently, Tubbo slept over enough that Ranboo's parents brought a bed for him. It was large, enough to fit two, maybe three people. Ranboo and Tubbo collected blankets and pillows while Tommy used the electric air pump to fill the bed. By the time the bed was done, Ranboo and Tubbo came back with everything. Tubbo tossed the blankets and pillows on the bed, before fixing it up with Tommy.

"Do you guys want to watch something together before we go to bed?" Ranboo asked, "I can bring my laptop down here?"

Tommy and Tubbo agreed, watching as Ranboo rushed up the stairs. They both had fond smiles on their lips. They chatted and soon they heard Ranboo making his way back down to them. Tommy stared as he realized Ranboo had a black and white cover on his laptop.

"Even the laptop?"

"Even the laptop," Ranboo answered, making Tommy sigh.

The trio sat on the couch, Ranboo in the middle of them as they played the show on the laptop. Tommy tried to keep up with the plot of the show, but his eyelids grew heavy after some time. His body gradually slid over and into Ranboo's side, causing the tallest to wordlessly throw his arm around the blond's shoulder. Tommy accepted the affection and closed his eyes. The wisps of fatigue gently lulling him to sleep.

When his eyes opened, he was on the air bed. He looked to his left and right, realizing both Ranboo and Tubbo were in the bed with him. They had their arms wrapped around his torso, just like that time all those weeks ago. He smiled, closing his eyes, falling back asleep and in the arms of his friends. It was a mystery how they all managed to fit, but it didn't matter.

He was safe.

He was cared for.

He wouldn't change this for the world.

## Chapter End Notes

The song Royal Decree is playing is All I Wanted by Paramore. Our first revealed band outside of Allium! I put them together because I thought it would be cool. I figured this band would be alternative, with both calm and rock songs. This because I like the contrast of Niki and Minx, like Niki is more soft and Minx is more aggressive in personality. So they'll sing like Paramore and then idk ... like Pumpkin by the regrettes or something idk lol. I just took slithers of their personalities to make this choice. Also I really like the name! Inspired by Eret of course! Sounding both elegant and awesome, like Eret! :3

Alright, so now welcome the first gig arc. This chapter may seem like filler but it's really the start of everything kicking off. There will be drama, realizations, and just a bunch of stuff happening this arc. Also tons of fluff between bench trio <3. I hope you enjoyed and sorry it took so long!

# Your Voice Is Driving Me Insane

## Chapter Summary

Tommy tries to focus on his happiness, but an argument with his family brings him down.

Good thing he has his friends to take him out of this hell.

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Tommy went home the next day, his disappearance seemingly unnoticed. No one said a word to him about staying the night at Ranboo's, just like he had thought. Sometimes Tommy wished they would prove him wrong and show that they would care, but that was a fantasy. So, he spent the next week hanging out at Ranboo's house and sleeping over. It was fun spending time with Tubbo and Ranboo, staying up late and writing lyrics or cuddling in the basement after doing homework. It didn't feel real at times, that he had these two people who cared for him.

He was happy.

Tommy laughed as Ranboo was tackled into the couch by Tubbo. The brunet attacked Ranboo, apparently for stealing some of his snacks. Tommy merely watched with a smile, cackled as Ranboo begged for help.

"You're having fun over there?" Tubbo asked and Tommy nodded, before realizing he was in danger when his friends' expressions changed.

"Say Tubbo," Ranboo spoke, "How about you change your target?"

"I love that idea, boo," Tubbo responded.

Tommy launched himself off the couch, trying to run to the stairs, but was tackled to the ground. Tommy screeched as the duo tickled his sides, trying to run away. The laughter forced its way out his mouth as his sides were attacked. He yelled at the boys to stop in between his giggles, trying to kick his feet to no avail.

"Hm..." Tubbo pretended to think, "No!"

Tommy managed to weasel his way out of their grips, tackling Tubbo to the ground and tickling the brunet back. They played around for awhile, trying to catch each other and messing around in the basement. It all was going well, until the ring of his phone threw Tommy for a loop. He stopped his pursuit of Tubbo, rushing over to check the phone. Tommy assumed it would be a spam number, instead it was his brother, Wilbur.

Tommy froze.

"Who is it?" Tubbo asked.

"Uh, my brother,"

He stared at the contact, grabbing his phone and hovering his thumb over the button to answer the call. He reluctantly accepted the call. Tommy pressed his phone against his ear.

"Where are you?"

"At a friend's house," Tommy answered, "Why--"

"Dad told you to be here today, he has something to talk about with you," Wilbur interrupted, "Were you not paying attention?"

"I don't remember that," Tommy spoke, trying his best to recall the memory, "Look, I'll come home, okay?"

"Whatever, Tommy, just hurry up. Dad's upset,"

The call ended and Tommy stared at his phone.

"I have to leave, boys." Tommy shoved his phone in his pocket, looking up at his friends. "Apparently, dad has something important to say to me, I don't fucking know,"

"Will you be okay?" Ranboo asked, placing a hand on Tommy's shoulder.

"Yeah, big man, probably just something stupid," Tommy said, trying to give Ranboo a reassuring smile but it fell flat. "Can you drop me off home?"

"Yeah, sure,"

Tommy reluctantly grabbed his backpack and followed his friends to the car. He hopped in the back, traces of anxiety lacing his mind. His dad was mad? Over what? His father wasn't the type to get mad over nothing, but Tommy had genuinely done nothing wrong. Sure, maybe he was staying out a lot, but they had been ignoring him for so long. He finally had friends, people who cared about him. Was it so wrong to be with them? What did he even want to talk about?

The car stopped and Tommy looked out the window, gazing at his house.

He didn't want to go.

He didn't want to leave the safe space he had with his friends.

"Tommy?" Tubbo spoke, "You don't have to go home, you can stay with us,"

Tommy glanced at Tubbo, noting the worry in the brunet's eyes. The blond shook his head, twisting his lips in a smile. A smile that both Ranboo and Tubbo knew was fake, because it didn't shine the way Tommy's normal smiles did.

"It's okay, I'm a big man," Tommy said, "I'll be fine,"

Ranboo's grip on the steering wheel was tight, Tommy noticed it from even from the backseat. Ranboo knew his family had done nothing but ignore him, so he didn't understand the worry he had. Tommy gave them both one last smile. He opened the car door and slammed it behind him, waving to his friends.

They waved back.

Tommy made it to the front door, glancing back and seeing they were still there. The blond waved one last time and entered his house, closing the door behind him. Despite the urge to run back out,



he turned around and faced the inside of his house. He walked to the living room, hearing voices coming from that direction. When he entered the area, his family shifted their focus on to him almost instantly.

"Where have you been, mate?" Phil asked.

Tommy looked down at his feet.

"Hanging out with my friends," Tommy answered.

Phil looked unconvinced.

"Friends? Which friends?"

Tommy spoke, "Ranboo and Tubbo,"

"So, those are the friends you have been staying with all these days?" Phil asked and Tommy tensed, "Wilbur told me you haven't been home in a week,"

Tommy stared up at his brother, eyes wide.

"You fucking told him?" Tommy yelled.

Wilbur rolled his eyes, "Why shouldn't I have?"

"Because I used to fucking cover for you when you snuck out at night!" Tommy covered his mouth mockingly, "Oh, oops! Didn't mean to say that!"

Phil glanced at the brunet, Wilbur didn't say a word.

"We'll come back to that later, mate,"

The brunet glared at Tommy, the blond didn't care.

"See how it feels, dickhead?" Tommy taunted, flipping off his brother.

"Tommy!" Phil shouted, making the blond flinch, "Maybe these friends aren't a good influence on you. Ever since you met them, you've been acting out more,"

Tommy blinked, a dry laugh coming from his mouth. Not a good influence? Ranboo and Tubbo were the best people in his life, besides Ms. Puffy. Those three made an effort, not the three people in front of him. They ignored or belittled him. They treated him like garbage.

"How would you know what's good for me?" Tommy asked, "You never even pay attention to me,"

Phil shook his head, "Tommy, if you're doing this for attention-"

"I'm not!" Tommy screeched, "I just actually found two people who fucking care about me! Who check on me, who care what happens to me! When was the last time you spent time with me? When was the time you actually asked me how I doing?"

"You're being dramatic," Phil said, "I can't pay attention to you all the time! I have to work, I have to-"

"Then, why do you have time for my brothers and not me?" Tommy asked, clenching his fists so

hard there would be bloody indent in his palm. "Why do you go to Wilbur's performances or spend time with Techno whenever he asks? Why do you say no when it's me?"

Phil lips remained in a thin line, he didn't speak.

"It's because you're an annoying child, Tommy. Happy now? Can you stop making a scene for once?" Techno spoke. "I'm done wasting my time with this,"

Techno left the living room and Tommy could feel the tears bead in his eyes. Is that really how Techno felt? How they all did?

"You're grounded, Tommy," Phil stated, Tommy froze.

"What... that's not fair!"

"It is." Phil stood up from his spot on the couch, "Wilbur, I expect you to tell me if he's not home,"

Tommy could feel the rage build up within him.

"I hate you both!" Tommy screamed. "Why can't let me have this? Why can't you let me be happy for once?"

Tommy ran away, rushing into his room and slamming the door behind him. He locked it and sat on his bed, he yanked his phone from his pocket. Tears in his eyes, he opened the band group chat and messaged his friends what had happened.

"We're bad influences?" Ranboo responded.

"Watch me influence a knife into their chests," Tubbo messaged.

Tommy laughed at that, wiping the stray tears from his eyes.

"I hate it here. They ignore me, but when I'm actually happy, they have to ruin everything." Tommy typed, "If Wilbur didn't say anything, Phil wouldn't have noticed and I could be with you guys,"

"I have an idea, boss man," Tubbo wrote, "How about we actually become bad influences?"

Tommy blinked.

"How?"

"Sneak out. We'll kidnap you,"

Tommy smiled, a genuine one.

"I love that idea, bee boy,"

"Well, we didn't leave, so sneak out now!"

"You didn't leave?"

"How could we leave without making sure you're alright first?" Ranboo messaged.

Tommy smiled at that message, sliding the phone in his pocket. He rushed up from his spot on the bed and over to his window which faced the back of the house. The blond opened the window in

his room slowly, keeping an ear out for his brothers or father. When he heard nothing, he pushed up the window. Tommy slid out, carefully moving his body, and then closed the window.

Tommy grabbed his phone and messaged them.

"Go back a house or two, don't want them to see me or your car,"

Ranboo sent a thumbs up.

Tommy waited a moment, poking his head out from the side of his house. He could see Ranboo moving the car down the street. Tommy took a breath and then ran. He was always fast, that something he had going for him. Eventually, he saw Ranboo's car. Tommy felt as if he had found sanctuary. He tossed himself into the car, his breathing unstable and rushed.

"Let's go, boys!" Tommy shouted.

The blond buckled his seat belt and they were off.

## Chapter End Notes

Angst and Fluff. My two favorite things :D

Hey, if people are interested in making fan art/talking/progress updates, should I open a twitter/instagram? let me know and I'll put my @s on here. Tbh, I'm not really anon for a reason, might unanon all my works at this point :D.

You guys can refer to me as Winter btw! I use they/he pronouns!

I honestly didn't like this chapter, next chapter is much better tbh. I just am busy with school and this came out kinda lacking to me? I didn't work on it the way I wanted to but I wanted to post it since it's been awhile. Hope you enjoyed regardless and next chapter will be fluffy, heart felt, and we'll go into Tommy's family life! As well as Ranboo's and Tubbo's past a bit. That chapter I actually like, but it's not done yet!

# Technoblade

Technoblade is gone, I can't believe I'm saying that.

He's not truly gone though, his legacy remains, but he's gone from this world.

Honestly, I lost interest in the DSMP. I did plan and do plan to update, but right now, especially after this news it's hard. Also, i'm in college, working, and babysitting back to back almost every single day. I don't have time to write the way I want, nor have I been writing stories, just poems.

I'm not sure when I will update, next chapter is halfway there.

Rest in peace to Techno, my favorite DSMP member, may you laugh at us for crying wherever you are now. You impacted me and so many others positively.

I hope all of you are okay too.

Take the time you need for mental health, I know I have been, but life waits for no one. We all have responsibilities, don't neglect them, but take it easy. We all deserve that.

Winter signing off...

## End Notes

I'm a sucker for singer Tommyinnit and also use music to help me cope, it led to this. Hope you enjoyed!

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!